SABBATH READING.

NON-POLITICAL: NON-SECTARIAN. "DETERMINED NOT TO KNOW ANYTHING SAVE JESUS CHRIST."

VOLUME XXIV.—NUMBER 3. NEW YORK: JANUARY 17, 1896. Published Weekly. Price Fifty Cents a Year.

Grace W. Williams 1896

PENFIELD PA

EVERY YEAR.

"YOU are growing old," they tell us
Every year;
"You are more alone," they tell us
Every year;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

There come new cares and sorrows
Every year;
Darker days and darker sorrows
Every year.
The ghosts of dead loves haunt us,
The ghosts of changed friends taunt us,
And disappointments daunt us
Every year.

Too true! Life's shores are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old places changing fret us,
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its Morning Star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burthen lighter,
And the Dawn Immortal brighter,
Every year.

—*Author Unknown.*

Uncle Si's Umbrella.

A QUEER ADVENTURE "'BOUT FIFTY YEAR AGO." AN OLD PREACHER'S TRUSTY UMBRELLA. IT SAVES TWO LIVES AND RIDS THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF A PREYING PANTHER.

"TALKIN' about parachutes," said old Ben Marston, "reminds me of a cur'ous thing 'at happened up on the mountain yender, 'bout fifty year ago." Ben tipped back in his chair, put his feet higher on the stove, and clasped his hands comfortaoly over the region of his stomach.

It was in the village store at Cardiff, in New Hampshire, the night after the county fair at Perryville, ten miles away, where there had been a balloon ascension. A woman had leaped from the balloon with a parachute, and had reached the ground safely. This had furnished a subject of conversation to the usual group of loafers in the store.

After Ben had assumed his favorite attitude for story-telling he thought it necessary to asseverate that the forthcoming tale was was an "actooal fact." "An' if ye don't believe it," said he, bringing his feet down with a thump, "ye can jest come up the mounting with me in the mornin', an' I'll show ye the very spot where it happened."

Then he went on with the narrative. I shall not attempt to report his talk, which might become wearisome, but will tell the story in my own words.

Silas Hopkins, who was so much loved that he was familiarly called Uncle Silas, was fifty years ago a famous lay preacher in the White Mountain region. He made frequent missionary journeys, holding services here and there, comforting the sick, and doing great good. He suffered much hardship in traveling on foot through the half-settled, rugged regions about the Franconia range; but he bore it with admirable patience, keeping his simple, sunny nature unchanged to the end.

Whenever he appeared in a village a dozen doors offered him hospitable welcome; and in the evening he would always find the meeting-house or the school-house well filled to hear him preach.

Almost as well known as Uncle Silas was the green umbrella he always carried. It was large and strongly made, with a stout hickory handle, hand-wrought ribs, and an iron point to make it serviceable in mountain-climbing. This, with his Bible, and a small bundle that he carried easily over his shoulder, constituted his worldly property. He seldom had any money at all; and if he possessed any, it was freely shared with the needy.

Uncle Silas prized his green umbrella highly. It was, like the Scriptural promise, "a covert from the tempest," a shelter from sun and from rain. He had slept many a night on the mountains with no other shelter, and never felt quite without a "habitation to dwell in" so long ashe could prop it against a great rock and sleep under its protection.

Many a treacherous cur had he routed by a sound whack of the umbrella's hickory handle. Once, in a lonely place, he had come unexpectedly upon a bear and two cubs. The dam, savage for her young, growled frightfully and rushed upon him. But a vigorous flourish of the green umbrella, which fortunately flew open in the most alarming way, took all the courage out of her, and sent her whimpering away with the cubs.

One Winter, "jest fifty-three year ago," according to Ben Marston, there was a panther scare in Cardiff, a "real scare," with good cause for it. The Winter was severe; and a panther had been driven down from the mountains by hunger. Several times its scream had echoed from the ridge behind the village, and had been heard even in the store—"Jest here where I'm a-settin'," said old Ben, with emphasis that should have set all doubts at rest.

Some sheep had been killed on outlying farms, and Deacon Swain's heifer was taken one night from his barn cellar. The beast had on that occasion come in from the south, as the tracks showed, actually traversing the whole village by its main street. After that no one felt safe alone out of doors after nightfall. The boys left the village store before sunset. A small knot of men still gathered to their accustomed places nightly; but all brought lanterns and guns, and escorted each other cautiously home at nine o'clock.

In the midst of the scare Uncle Silas Hopkins arrived, and gave notice of evening services in the schoolhouse. The schoolhouse was in a lonely spot, as schoolhouses often are in scattered communities, and only a few of the bravest responded to the preacher's invitation. Uncle Silas spent a few days in visiting from house to house. After holding two services on Sunday he announced his intention to walk Monday morning to Dayton, twelve miles away across the mountain.

But that night it set in to snow, and the morning air was thick with the whirling flakes. It was late in the afternoon before the storm ceased. Then Uncle Silas, much to the alarm of his hostess and her family, tied up his bundle preparatory to departure.

In vain they urged him to stay. The snow, the cold, the coming night, each seemed a sufficient reason why he should tarry till morning. All the stories of the fierce beast's depredations, magnified by fear and much telling, were poured into his ears by the anxious woman and her disturbed husband.

Uncle Silas listened patiently, but only shook his head at each new entreaty. He had heard too much of the beast from trustworthy sources to doubt its presence near the village. But he was a brave man, and held steadily to his purpose.

"But why go to-night?" urged the woman, desperately.

"I don't quite know, sister," he said, slowly. "Those poor Hawkins children, over the mountain, with their drunken young father, have been on my mind all day. Perhaps I have a call to go. Anyway, we are safe in the Lord's hands, day or night; and I don't fear the catamount."

So he started on his lonely tramp over the mountain.

The road to Dayton skirted the base of the mountain for several miles before it turned gradually and tried the ascent. Soft snow made traveling difficult on this rough road; and it was almost dark when Uncle Silas turned his face upward to the hill that lay between him and his night's rest. On the left the steepled spruces stood out darkly against the cold Winter twilight. On the right the woods were already gloomy with shadows.

There was one place on this road that every belated traveler was glad to leave behind him—a deep ravine near the summit of the ridge. Ten feet from the edge of this ravine a high shoulder of rock followed its general direction for fifty yards or more. Between these two the road ran, shrinking close to the friendly rock.

A stout railing of logs gave one in the dangerous place a certain sense of security. Leaning over the railing the traveler could see the dwarf pines clinging to the cliff side. It was always cold and damp in the ravine below; and at times the rush and gurgle of a brook came faintly up through the low tree-tops.

Now, in the gathering darkness, Uncle Silas quickened his steps unconsciously. But he was still some distance below this place when, from the woods on his left, a fierce cry broke sharply on the twilight stillness.

For a moment the horrible screech seemed everywhere, echoing along the mountainside, penetrating the ravines. Then, in the stillness, the old man stood breathless, listening, while the stories he had heard of the panther crowded upon him, and a chill that he could not repress spread slowly down his spine.

The cry was repeated, it seemed now in the path below him. There it was again, and nearer! The beast had scented and was following him.

At first the hopelessness of escaping such a brute overpowered him. He hesitated, as if he would meet the danger where he stood. What use to run from a creature that could overtake a deer in such snow? How hide from eyes that still saw clearly as twilight deepened?

But the habits of the old preacher's life were stronger than any danger. He lifted his face in a swift, mute prayer; then dropping his bundle and grasping his old umbrella, he bounded up the path toward the summit. There the forest ended, and the panther could not leap unseen upon his shoulders from some overhanging limb.

Long years of constant traveling had given Uncle Silas hard muscles and immense endurance, though he was a small man. He needed these qualities now as he struggled against the snow and the steep incline. But the same causes impeded the panther also; and when next the sharp scream cut the air it seemed no nearer than before.

The old preacher had been running five minutes, perhaps, when he emerged from the dense shadow of the woods. The open road was before him, and the log railing that bordered the precipice. The path was level here, and he made better speed, though he turned frequently to see if his pursuer were in sight.

But what meant this dead stillness? Had the panther given up the pursuit when it found the bundle and the meagre lunch it contained? Or did this silence mean only its fierce determination to give no strength save to mighty bounds on Uncle Si's track?

The question had scarcely crossed his mind when it was answered. A frightful yell of savage triumph rang from the ledge above him. He had been circumvented. As he leaped back instinctively, the panther threw himself down into the path—into the very tracks his victim had left in the snow as he jumped away.

For an instant they faced each other silently; the beast crouched low on its close-set feet, with ears back, and tail switching violently; the man motionless, with eyes fixed on the green spots vaguely luminous in the deep shadow of the ledge.

Swiftly the remembrance of the bear and her cubs came back to Uncle Silas—just as the snaky shadow ceased its motion, and the spots glowed steadily, seeming enlarged.

"Booh! Scat, you brute! Booh! Scat!" he shouted, flourishing the umbrella above his head.

A savage snarl answered him; but the shadow was again in motion; the spots seemed growing nearer.

Slowly Uncle Silas backed away, shouting and waving his poor weapon. The panther followed steadily, creeping through the snow without ever taking its eyes from the old man's face. Whenever he stopped shouting, or relaxed his threatening demonstration, an instant, the fierce eyes seemed enlarged, and the beast crouched low for its spring.

Uncle Si's leg touched the railing as he backed away. He knew the path turned here. But he dared not turn his head, nor take his eyes from the luminous spots before him. The spring of his umbrella unfastened suddenly as he waved it about; and the stout top, catching the wind, almost pulled the handle from his grasp.

Then a strange idea came into Uncle Silas's head. Leaping forward suddenly with a loud shout he aimed a sweeping blow at the creature's head. The panther, startled, sprang away, spitting like a huge cat, and jumped up to a projecting ledge, where it turned again and crouched for a spring.

But the moment's break had given Uncle Silas time to act. The instant the fierce eyes were taken from his, he wheeled, leaped upon the log-railing, and snapping his umbrella wide open threw himself far out over the precipice.

The old preacher never forgot the scream of rage that followed his sudden leap. He wondered if his old umbrella would stand the rush without turning inside out and dashing him down among the rocks. Then he saw a dark from shoot by him with a blood-curdling yell, saw tree-tops sweep up in a dark mass to meet him, and heard a crash and thud below.

Meantime he had come down into the top of a scrubby hemlock. The umbrella was torn from his grasp, and he dropped through bending branches into the snow, where he lay for a long time, weak and listless, wondering and grateful for his strange escape.

A commotion in the underbush near brought him to his feet. He groped for a stick to defend himself. But the noise was stationary—a confusion of blows, and low growls, and snapping bushes. With a great throb of thankfulness he realized that it must be his late terrible enemy, wounded to death in his last mad spring.

Feeling about in the darkness, Uncle Silas gathered a handful of dead twigs. These he kindled by the aid of flint and punk that he always carried in his pocket. By their light he gathered more fuel, and soon a bright blaze was leaping up against the hemlock.

The noise in the underbrush had grown less as worked. It had almost ceased when he parted the bushes cautiously and peered in. There lay the panther, struggling feebly.

The force of its wild leap had carried it well over the tree into which Uncle Silas had fallen. The branches, striking its legs, had thrown it off a catlike balance, and hurled it among the rocks.

Uncle Silas turned to find his way back to Cardiff; for the ravine had no known outlet on the Dayton side. But his escape had been so wonderful that even he would hardly be believed if he came back without some visible proof. Besides, he had been fond of hunting in his younger days; he would go back with the savage beast's skin!

What a triumph it would be to march into the store, fling down the gory pelt, and say, "See, there is the beast you have been afraid of so long!" And he would add, from the old Book he loved so well: "Surely the Lord hath delivered him into my hands." So he thought, standing there in the gloom, peering through the bushes at the great gray beast.

Seizing a hind leg he dragged the panther in beside the fire, and with his sharp jack-knife stripped the hide off. Then he climbed the hemlock after his battered old umbrella; and with the panther-skin over his shoulders, started down the ravine.

He was near the place where he knew a steep path led up to the road, and was groping about in the thick darkness to find it, when he was terribly startled by a groan from the brook on his left.

"Who's there?" he cried, in a strangely high voice, for the sound in that lonely place had frightened him more than the panther's scream.

A feeble cry for help was his only answer; but it was enough to reassure him. Dropping his burden he hastened forward, shouting encouragement as he ran.

At the end of the brook he stumbled over something in the snow, and almost plunged into the icy water before he recovered himself. The thing groaned; and in an instant Uncle Silas was bending over it tenderly.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"I'm Jim Hawkins," was the faint answer. "I was hunting and got lost. At dusk—found road—heard catamount—" The form shivered and was silent.

"But what then?" urged the old man.

"I tried to get down the ledge—fell—my head—broke leg, I think. I crawled here to—" Then he fainted.

At daylight Tuesday morning Deacon Swain started up the mountain with his ox-team to break out the road. The good deacon had been troubled in spirit since he heard of Uncle Silas's departure. His tracks, and those of another man that came in from the right, were the only marks in the snow to guide the toiling oxen.

But half-way up the mountain other tracks came out of the woods in long flying leaps; and the deacon stopped with a fearful start. He had seen the marks of those big, padded feet once before—and in his own yard.

He rushed ahead of the slow oxen, grasping a heavy cart-stake. Ordinarily he would have turned back from an encounter. But the panther's track in that of the old man he had loved so long filled him at once with horror and with a desperate courage.

He found the bundle in the snow, and followed the signs of flight with the dread growing upon him. A groan seemed wrung from his good heart as he leaned over the precipice where the snow was brushed rudely from the log-railing.

Turning away he ran back with all his might to where the path clambered down the ravine's steep side. Sliding and falling in a desperate scramble he reached the bottom, which was still dark. A cry of joy burst from his lips as he brushed through the underbrush and looked up the ravine.

There, on a pile of boughs before a smoldering fire, a man was sleeping heavily, wrapped in a huge, gray skin. And sitting with his back against a big rock, nodding drowsily at the fire, was Uncle Silas.—John Rinn, in Youth's Companion.

THANK God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done, whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance and self-control diligence and strength of will, cheerfulness and content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Charles Kingsley.

"HOLD ON—HEED NOT."

"MEN may misjudge thy aim, men may not praise thy name,
May think they have cause for blame, say thou art wrong;
Hold on thy quiet way, heed not what men may say,
Christ is the Judge—not they; fear not, be strong!
Be brave, and dare to stand alone against the foe;
Thy Saviour stood alone for thee, long, long ago;
Be not a coward in the fight, look up! be strong!
The morn of victory is near—the day of song."

—*Selected.*

An Eye-Opener.

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER.

ON his way to the office one morning Jack Sylvester met the minister. If the truth were told Jack would have preferred to meet almost anyone else. Somehow ministers had a habit of talking about matters for awhile and then sooner or later steering the conversation to the subject of religion—a subject the young man always fought shy of.

"Good morning, Mr. Sylvester," the Rev. Mr. Austin said, in his cordial way; "you are abroad early."

"No earlier than you," returned Jack, who meant to pass on.

But Mr. Austin extended his hand, saying:

"I don't believe it right to spend the early hours of the day in sleeping, and I am glad to see that you are of the same opinion."

"Don't make me a text for a moral lecture, Mr. Austin," laughed Jack. "I rise early for business reasons."

"Well, doesn't the Scripture command us to be diligent in business? You are obeying one of the precepts of religion. Why not try to follow all of them, Mr. Sylvester?"

Jack's eyes flashed as he answered:

"You have spoken to me several times about this. It isn't an agreeable subject to me. I want to be honest about it. My mind is made up to keep clear of the churches until—"

"Speak your mind frankly," urged the minister.

"Well, until I see them producing better results. I know churchmen who are frauds. Some of them do things that I wouldn't stoop to, yet they profess to be Christians! Above all kinds of men, I despise a hypocrite. If a man can't live a Christian life, why should he make a profession of religion at all?"

"No doubt there is much truth in what you say." Mr. Austin was a man who would concede as much as he could to an opponent. "There are inconsistent people in our churches, and they are stumbling-blocks, I confess. But see here, my brother, don't you think it would be better and braver for you to give them an example of right living? You seem to understand just so well how a Christian should live."

Jack's eyes fell before the minister's earnest, penetrating look, and no answer that was germane occurred to his mind at the moment.

"Good morning, Mr. Sylvester," said the minister, moving away. "I do not wish to detain you. Only think kindly and deeply on these important matters."

It required more than an hour for Jack to dismiss the conversation from his mind. He was half vexed with Mr. Austin, or with himself; he could scarcely decide which. The minister had given the matter such a personal turn, and had shown him his duty.

Jack was not an unbeliever. Like many others without the church, he accepted the Bible as the word of God; but those hypocrites, those impostors, who used religion as a cloak—against them he constantly vented his wrath and criticism, making them his principal excuse for not becoming a Christian.

Some weeks passed. One day Jack sat in the office where he was employed, when his ear caught the sound of voices in an adjoining room. The door was slightly ajar, and he could not have helped hearing the conversation even if he had wanted to. He thought of closing the door, but just then he heard his own name mentioned, and felt that it would be embarrassing to let himself be seen. One of the voices was that of Mr. Austin, the minister, who was engaged in conversation with two of Jack's young friends.

"Are you ready to decide this matter now?" Mr. Austin asked, in a voice that betrayed no little anxiety.

"I'm not," promptly replied Perry Sales. "Of course, I've been thinking about it; but there are too many inconsistent Christians. Your church members—anyway, a good many of them—don't do right, in spite of all their profession. The other day I saw one of them slip into a saloon."

"Is that so?" asked the minister. "Then let me have his name, and I shall bring him before the official board of the church, and request you to be a witness against him. May I call on you for that purpose?"

There followed an awkward pause. Jack waited for Perry's reply.

"Oh, no! I prefer not to be involved in any trouble," Perry said, his tone having lost all its bravado.

"What! Do you bring a charge against a church member, and then are unwilling to stand by it? How can we ever purify the church on these indefinite charges? If these evils exist, every true man and every public-spirited citizen ought to help us to get rid of them."

The young men seemed to be abashed, and Jack felt for the first time that he had been acting the part of a coward. He, too, had often criticized church members, but he would not want to be summoned as a witness, no, no! At length the other young man, Henry Rodman, found his voice.

"But really, Mr. Austin," he began, "the inconsistencies of church people are a serious matter. Some of them are guilty of conduct that many people who make no profession would not stoop to do."

"No doubt," conceded Mr. Austin. "I suppose there is some one outside of the church whom you regard as a model," he continued, half-inquiringly.

"Yes, there are several such persons," affirmed Henry. "There, for instance, is Jack Sylvester, who has a good position with this firm. He is honorable in every way. He doesn't drink or swear or smoke or chew; he doesn't even go to balls and theatres. There couldn't be a more honest and upright young fellow, a perfect gentleman in every respect."

By this time Jack, who heard every word, was blushing violently on account of all this voluntary praise.

"Now, compare Jack with some of your church members," pursued Henry, in a scornful tone. "I should prefer to take him for my model, and take his chances for Heaven, too. If a man can be so honorable without being a Christian, I don't see much advantage in being one; do you?"

"Wait a moment," said Mr. Aus[illegible] kindly. "You mean to say, then, t[illegible] Jack Sylvester, because he is a go[illegible] moral man and yet is not a Christian, encourages you to remain away from Christ?"

"Well—I hadn't just thought of it in that light," Henry hesitated: "but, yes, that is practically what it amounts to. If he can live an upright life without religion, why can't I? Tell me that."

"Then a grave responsibility rests on Jack Sylvester," said the minister, seriously. "I do not think I should want to rest under it. He believes the Scriptures to be true, and yet by refusing to confess Christ before men he keeps others from coming to Christ. Do you see? In that way a moral man who is not a Christian may do a great deal of harm. His influence is on the wrong side."

"I never thought of that," remarked Henry, doubtfully.

"Yes, that is the principle, precisely. People who want an excuse for not coming to Christ will always select some poor specimen of a Christian and a fine specimen of a moral man and then contrast them. Now, if all our excellent moral men were Christians, see what an influence for good they would exert! God has given them their moral talents, and expects them to serve His cause; instead of doing that, they use their talents only for themselves, and, whether they intend it or not, they are against Christ because they are not for Him."

A pause followed.

"Well," said, Perry Sales, presently, "I hope no one takes me for a model on the wrong side. I should tremble at the thought of standing in the way of anybody's salvation."

"Every man has his infleunce," said the minister, solemnly. "It is either for Christ or against Him. On which side is your influence, my young friends? Good-day. I shall leave you to think the matter over."

For two days afterward Jack pondered the conversation which he had inadvertently overheard. His eyes had been opened. Perry Sales and Henry Rodman were following his example. Others were doubtless taking them as models. Where would his influence end? He trembled at the thought.

On the third day he called Perry and Henry into the office, and said:

"Friends, I have learned that you have been making me an excuse for not becoming Christians. I have resolved to follow Christ and put my influence positively on His side. I hope you will come with me."

The young men looked at Jack and then at each other in amazement, and could not answer.

"Pray over the matter, boys, as I have done, and your difficulties will soon vanish."

His words produced their intended effect, for before many weeks Jack and his two friends made a public profession of Christ. One day soon after Jack met Mr. Austin.

"Your conversation with Perry Sales and Henry Rodman was an eye-opener to me," he said, smilingly.

"I don't understand," replied the minister.

And Jack explained.

—Christian Advocate.

There are in the United States, Canada, England and Scotland thirty-four women's missionary societies. They collect annually over a million dollars and support 1,397 missionaries.—Exchange.

The Work of Francis Schlatter in Denver.

BY REV. A. BLANCHARD, PASTOR OF SECOND CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, DENVER, COLORADO.

YOUR readers are aware that Denver has been, for nine weeks, a centre of attraction on account of the work of Francis Schlatter, the so-called "healer." The crowds that have from the first flocked to him for the touch of his hand, or for a blessing on handkerchiefs, have indeed excited the wonder of this city and have not been overestimated. As many as sixty or seventy thousand must have been treated by him personally, to say nothing of the many times that number of handkerchiefs sent in for his blessing. His mail amounts to as many as 8,000 pieces per day.

He stands bareheaded within the garden fence of a cottage where he is entertained, and takes the people by the right hand as they pass, while he takes bundles of handkerchiefs in his left hand. I am in receipt of so many letters making inquiries about him that I take this method of giving a reply.

Does he really claim to be "Messiah"? Yes, and no. If you mean Messiah of the Bible—the Christ whom all true evangelical Christians believe came according to Old Testament prophecy—who lived and died on the Cross as an atonement for our sins, our substitute; who rose again for our justification, and who ascended from Olivet, and is to come again in glory; this man Schlatter would deny that he was such a Messiah. His claim seems to be that he is "a Messiah," using language very much as Theosophists use it, namely, that he is a "reincarnation" of some kind.

Before he left this city some years ago he dabbled in Spiritualism and studied Christian science, and it is more and more evident to those who have the best opportunity to know here, that this man with his claims is along the line of modern "occultism." To a careful student of the Bible and a true believer in Christ this "occultism," call it by whatever name you wish, is nothing more or less than demonism. All our cities are full of it, and multitudes who have forsaken Christ are being led away by its strange fascinations. It is hoary heathenism from the Orient.

This man speaks of "The Father," but never speaks at all of Christ our Saviour. "The Name," that with the apostles was always exalted above every name, is by him entirely ignored. Who then must he refer to when he talks about his "father"? Let John 8: 38–44 give the answer. When we remember the saying of our Lord in John 16: 14, of the work of the Holy Spirit, "He shall glorify Me," we may know that even though this man should call down fire from Heaven he must be false. We must then obey 1 John 4: 1–3. Indeed this passage very clearly tells what we must think of this "healer."

Read Acts 3 carefully, and notice how careful the apostle was to exalt the blessed name of Jesus, and to define exactly whom he meant by God and whom he meant by Jesus. People now will say, "O yes, we, too, believe in Christ," while teaching the most outrageous lies. But they do not mean our Christ Jesus who shed His blood for our sins. They do not mean the Christ we know or the God we know.

Are many professed Christians being led away by this man? Yes. It is making a clear line, however, between those who are nominal Christians and those who are true. Those who know their Bibles are not being led away. They clearly understand that signs and wonders are to be expected, and know that the touchstone is the place given to Jesus Christ.

This man has now closed his work here in Denver, but will, no doubt, make his appearance shortly in some other centre of population. It is due to real Christians that they should know what to think of his pretensions. He takes no money apparently, and seems humble. He is himself the most deceived of all apparently.

Besides the passages I have quoted I would suggest a careful study of John's first epistle, second chapter, and the second chapter of 2 Thessalonians, with Rev. 13: 13. When one sees the thousands going after such things and turning away from Christ, 2 Thessalonians 2: 11, comes to mind at once. Oh, for a people newly raised up in these dark days to testify as never before to all that our wonderful Saviour can do for us! Satan is so artful a counterfeiter, and as the years pass he becomes an adept. Only those full of the Spirit and taught in the Word will escape being led away by latter-day delusions.—Christian Alliance Weekly.

A New Sect In Russia.

THERE recently appeared in the mail an account of a dissenting sect which has lately sprung up in Russia, called the "Dukhobortsy." The account is prefaced by a letter from Count Leo Tolstoy. The members of this sect have some strange and fanciful notions, such as are very liable to take root where open discussion is prohibited. In their moral creed, they greatly resemble the Friends. Their lives are moral, gentle industrious, virtuous, benevolent. They provide for their poor, so that beggary is almost unknown among them. Industrial and economic co-operation are largely practiced. They abstain from smoking and drinking, and from the eating of flesh. A marked feature in their code is their refusal to shed blood or to serve in the army. To the question, "Why do you not wish to serve the emperor?" their reply, is "I should like to obey his will, but he trains us to kill men, and my conscience refuses that." "Why does it refuse?" "Because the Saviour has forbidden us to kill men, and I believe Him, and follow God's will." In order that they may not be under the temptation to take the life of men or animals, they destroy their guns, though these would often be needed for protection against the beasts of prey. They have been imprisoned, flogged, threatened with death; Cossack solders are quartered in their houses and given the liberty to use every degree of robbery, violence and outrage upon their families. They have been expelled from their villages, and forced to leave their cattle and their crops, and to submit to temporal ruin. These afflictions they bear patiently, as among the "persecutions" to which the followers of Christ are called.—The Examiner.

ENJOY the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly; for this day only is ours; we are dead to yesterday and we are not yet born to the morrow.—Jeremy Taylor.

TEMPTATIONS are a file which rub off much of the rust of self-confidence.—Fenelon.

For Sabbath Reading.

Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor

TOPIC FOR JANUARY 26.

HOW AND WHY WE SHOULD TESTIFY FOR CHRIST.—1 John 4: 2-15.

We should testify for Christ with our lips because He wishes it.

"Return to thine own house, and shew how great things God hath done unto thee."—Luke 8: 39. "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me."—Acts 1: 8. "As thou hast testified of Me in Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."—Acts 23: 11. "I have appeared unto thee for this purpose, to make thee a minister and a witness, both of these things which thou hast seen, and of those things in the which I will appear unto thee."—Acts 26: 16. "Whosoever therefore shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in Heaven."—Matt. 10: 32.

It was chiefly by personal testimony supported by Christ like lives, that the faith of Christ was spread abroad in the early days.

"They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus."—Acts 4: 13. "Ye should shew forth the praises of Him who hath called you out of darkness into His marvelous light."—1 Peter 2: 9. "With great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus."—Acts 4: 33. "We are His witnesses of these things; and so is also the Holy Ghost."—Acts 5: 32. "For we cannot but speak the things which we have seen and heard."—Acts 4: 20. "And they, when they had testified and preached the word of the Lord, returned to Jerusalem and preached the Gospel in many villages of the Samaritans."—Acts 8: 25. "Paul was pressed in the spirit and testified to the Jews that Jesus was Christ."—Acts 18: 5. "There came many to him in his lodging; to whom he expounded and testified the Kingdom of God, persuading them concerning Jesus."—Acts 28: 23. "We have testified of God that He raised up Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 15. "God hath made that same Jesus, whom ye have crucified, both Lord and Christ. Now when they heard this, they were pricked in their heart."—Acts 2: 36, 37.

How and why we should testify for Christ? An important and personal question. First, He requires it of us. That's one of the many whys. Second, He has shown us how. It is very simple. Do as He did. Make your life as like His as possible. In order to do this we must have His power. God sent Him into the world to teach mankind by offering to all a divine pattern of living. When He was leaving this world He said this to all who obediently accepted His overtures. "I go to prepare a place for you." By and by one's burdens here will become glories there. Suffering with Him; reigning with Him.

You have observed in the family and the community what blessings are dispensed by those who stand up for Jesus. Think of the great influence of a good worker in our own society. In the one in which you are enrolled who stands

first in unselfish service? Go over the list and pick them out one by one and sift them down till you reach number one. Will you be named? What a complimentary and encouraging question was that which God asked Satan: "Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth?"

In every church and every Endeavor Society there are chosen ones of whom it can be said they are the salt of the earth; beloved ones whom everybody bids God speed. Happy and strong are those who because of their goodness—Christ in them—have many praying for them and loving them. This is one of the many rewards even here below. Have you any praying for you? or is it the other way? Creation's blot, whom none can love; or a disciple greatly beloved? Which?

N. B.—Any Christian Endeavorer can have SABBATH READING on trial for 3 months for 12 cents in stamps.

THE PRODIGAL'S DISCOVERY.

HERE is this young man, who desired his father's goods, but not his father's companionship. The spirit of selfishness took possession of him, crowding out every better impulse. He wanted all that his father could give him, but he wanted to use it for himself in his own way. Naturally, in order to do this, he went away into a "far country." Nearness to his father would have been a hindrance to his selfish pursuits.

What a bitter lesson he had to learn! He found out by dire want that it was an absolute waste of the best gifts that could be given to use them thus; that misery and heartache are the natural outcome of a selfish life. What a pity we cannot learn it from his example, but must find out for ourselves through sad experience that there is absolutely nothing in this world that can satisfy the human heart but God Himself.

The very first ray of real common sense which this young man showed after he took the portion of goods that fell to him was when he said: "I will go back to my father." Then he was coming to himself. He had been out of his right mind all the time he was wasting his goods in a far country.

Coming to himself? The "self" which God made in His own image; the true self; the being God intended him to be. It was the man returning to his right mind who said: "How many hired servants of my father have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger." What a fool I have been! Why do I lead such a life? Why do I spend money for that which is not bread, and my labor for that which satisfieth not, when my father says: "Hearken diligently unto Me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness"?

It was not his sense of sin which first taught this straying son to long for his father's house. It was his sense of want. He was hungry. There was a mighty famine. He could not feed upon husks; he needed bread. It is a blessed thing for us to realize what a famine it is away from God. There is something in worldly joy which satisfies for a time, but it does not minister to the true life of an immortal being. If we have nothing better than the world can offer, even of its best, we begin sooner or later to be in want. God has made us for Himself; nothing can meet our deepest need but union and fellowship with Him.—Christian Advocate.

FOR SABBATH READING.

EPWORTH LEAGUE TOPIC for JANUARY 26.

THE INTERCESSORY PRAYER.—John 17. (Day of Prayer for Colleges.)

BY GEORGE MATILE DOUGALL.

"Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong; because He hath poured out His soul unto death: and He was numbered with the transgressors; and He bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

Isaiah not only foretold the coming of Christ; he also foreshadowed His character and His mission with wonderful distinctness. What but the story of the life of Christ Himself could give us such a vivid idea of Him and so much knowledge of what He came to accomplish as does the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah.

When Jesus offered the prayer that we find in the seventeenth chapter of John's Gospel, He was awaiting the "lifting up," of which He had spoken beforehand to His disciples. He knew that He would soon be crucified, and His heart went out in pity to His disciples whom He was to leave to struggle with a Christ-hating world.

He was already pouring out His soul unto death, and soon He would be numbered with transgressors that He might "bear the sins of many." But even in the bitter hour before death, when He knew that even those for whom He prayed would forsake Him, He thought of others, and made intercession with the Father for those whom the Father had given Him. Even on the cross He did not forget to pray for His tormentors. "Father," He cried, "forgive them for they know not what they do."

Surely, if we fail to think of Christ as the intercessor before God for sinful man, we lose sight of an important part of His character and of His work. Christ came to save sinners. Yes, indeed; but it is scarcely a less pronounced teaching of the New and Old Testaments that He came into the world that he might also the more effectually make intercession for His people when He was again ascended into Heaven.

Here are several texts that refer to Christ as intercessor: "It is Christ that died, yea rather that is risen again, who is even at the right hand of God, who also maketh intercession for us." And immediately following this, and evidently intended as a comment upon it, comes that great question or exclamation rather, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ. (Rom. 8: 34, 35.)

"Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by Him, seeing He even liveth to make intercession for them." (Heb. 7: 25.)

"My little children, these things I write unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."

This wonderful prayer of Jesus ought in itself to be enough to make everyone who tries to follow Him unworldly. In order that it may be understood at all, the reader must be spiritually minded at least to the extent of wishing to live on a higher plane than that with which those who live for the pleasures of this life, are content.

There are many suggestive texts through the prayer. We will merely consider one which directly contradicts a very false notion that some people have concerning their duty toward what is here called "the world."

There are those who think, or at all events act, as though their chief duty, in regard to this world of wickedness, is to keep as much as possible out of its way. Have nothing to do with it at all, say they. And they quote texts to support their views. But Jesus said, "I pray not that thou shouldst take them out of the world, but that thou shouldst keep them from the evil."

Does that mean that we should be afraid to hold revival meetings in our church lest some disreputable women and men who get drunk should find their way into our pews and sit beside us? The answer, it seems, could not but be No! a thousand times No!! And yet there are churches, and churches that claim to be evangelical, that do object to their church being polluted, as they say, by the presence in it of bad characters.

James speaks of keeping one's self unspotted from the world. But neither he nor any other of the writers of the Bible advocate the shutting one's self up in a real or imitation monastic life. James again says, "He which converteth a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins." Is there a sinner so bad that no attempt should be made to convert him? No. Then we may rest assured that God will defend us from pollution either of body or soul while engaged in converting sinners. And we need not shut them out of our churches or fear revival services that might bring them in to hear the Word. Any texts that may be quoted in defence of a life secluded from the world are in reality quoted to hide one of the worst forms of selfishness.

N. B.—Any Epworth Leaguer can have SABBATH READING on trial for 3 months for 12 cents in stamps.

ALL things are engaged in writing their history. Every act of man inscribes itself in the memories of his fellows, and in his own manners and face. The air is full of sounds; the sky, of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and signatures, and every object covered with hints which speak to the intelligent.—Goethe.

THE only reason why we don't see the face of truth everywhere, is because we live too low down.—Exchange.

TRUST.

I LEAVE my burdens and my cares
In God's almighty hand;
I leave the answers to my pray'rs
To wait His own command;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

Tho' oft my sins as mountains rise,
And far from Him I stray,
His mercy reaches to the skies—
His love can ne'er decay;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

Tho' clouds obscure my path below,
And ev'ry friend be gone,
My Saviour's constant love I know,
He is th' unchanging One;
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

When Satan flings his fiery spear,
Or aims the subtle dart,
To fill my soul with paltry fear,
Or wound my wav'ring heart,
I trust Him on thro' sun and shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

I trust, and, trusting, sweet my rest!
For now I grieve no more;
His peace is mine—His comfort blest,
And all my strife is o'er.
Then, come the sun or come the shade,
I trust, and I am not afraid.

JOHN WILFRID McCLURE.

FOR SABBATH READING.

Sabbath-School Lesson.

LESSON 4.....JANUARY 26, 1896.

THE EARLY MINISTRY OF JESUS.—Luke 4: 14-22.

By JOHN R. WHITNEY.

IN our recent lessons we have seen some of the foundation stones laid for the great work of redemption, to be wrought out by Jesus of Nazareth. Last week we saw that foundation nearly completed. Then He presented Himself to John the Baptist to be baptized by him. By this baptism He publicly proclaimed, as every other man who was baptized in the same manner proclaimed, that He would submit Himself obediently to all the demands of God's law. But it was not for Himself alone that He promised this. Every other man was baptized into a new life for himself alone. By it he professed that he would endeavor to be henceforth, what he had never been before, upright and holy—"as touching the righteousness which is in the law blameless." (Phil. 3: 6.) This was all he could do, and experience proved that he came lamentably short even in doing this. But Jesus' baptism meant more than this. He not only proclaimed this for Himself, but He also proclaimed it for, or, on behalf of, all others. He undertook "to fulfil all righteousness"; (Matt. 3: 15)—all the righteousness demanded of each individual, and all the righteousness demanded of all individuals to the end of time. He was baptized that He might be "the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth;" (Rom. 10: 4)—that through His obedience "the free gift" might come "upon all men unto justification of life." (Rom. 5: 18.) In it He was acting as the second Adam—as our Redeemer, Substitute and Saviour. For thus saith the prophet, "And this is His name whereby He shall be called, The Lord our righteousness." (Jer. 23: 6.)

But even this did not complete the foundation necessary for the security of faith. One more stone was still needed. It would have been but a small matter for Jesus of Nazareth to undertake to keep the law, if, because of His divine nature, He was above all temptation to break the law. Although He was divine, yet as the second Adam, He must, from the very nature of the case, be exposed to the same temptations as "the first Adam," and as are all the children of the first Adam, or else he would not "in all things be made like unto His brethren," and "able to succor them that are tempted." (Heb. 2: 17-18.)

Hence we find that immediately after His baptism, "Jesus was led by the Spirit." (v. 1.) St. Mark says, "the Spirit driveth Him into the wilderness" (Mark 1: 12), "to be tempted of the Devil." (Matt. 1: 1.) For a fuller discussion of this incident, see lessons of Jan. 14 and Aug. 12, 1894. Time and space forbid that I should now do more than call attention again, to the similarity between "the temptation" of Jesus and that of Adam. It is very striking and significant. Both may be classed under three heads. According to the Scriptures Satan tempted:

THE FIRST ADAM.	THE SECOND ADAM.
1. TO DISTRUST GOD, and says:	
'Hath God said, Ye shall not eat?"	"Command that these stones be made bread."
2. TO PRESUME UPON GOD, and says:	
"Ye shall not surely die."	"He shall give His angels charge concerning Thee."
3. TO FORSAKE GOD, and says:	
'Your eyes shall be opened and ye shall be as gods.'	"All this power will I give Thee, and the glory of them."

Now under one or more of these heads—to distrust God, or to presume upon God, or to forsake God altogether—may be classed all of the temptations that ever come upon any child of Adam. Thus the Second Adam was not only tempted the same as "the first Adam," but He "was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." (Heb. 4: 15.) "In all things it behooved Him to be made like unto His brethren, that He might be a merciful and faithful high priest in things pertaining to God, to make reconciliation for the sins of the people." (Heb. 2: 17.)

In these incidents which we have now considered, at the opening of Jesus' work, it will be noticed that they all concentrate attention upon Him personally; they tell us of what was done to, or for or by Him, as an individual. They are official rather than beneficial. In all of them He appears before us, as One preparing for something He is afterwards to do. He is circumcised, presented in the Temple, "sitting in the midst of the doctors," baptized, and tempted. In none of these incidents does He minister to anyone around Him. It was the same with the incidents connected with the close of His work. Then He was in agony in Gethsemane, arrested, tried, condemned, crucified, buried, rose from the grave, and ascended into Heaven. In none of these did He minister to anyone else any more than He did in His circumcision, baptism or temptation. As the first series of incidents laid the foundation for His work, the last brought forth and laid in place the finished cap-stone. They marked the beginning and the ending of a work rather than of a life.

But between these two classes of incidents everything He did was for the healing, comforting, or instruction of other people. This lesson brings before us the first of these intermediary incidents which St. Luke was inspired to record. Probably, however, it was not the next incident, in order of time, to that of "the temptation," although it so reads in St. Luke's narrative. Commentators, and harmonists, are not agreed, however, as to what, or how many events took place in the interim, and for our present study it is not necessary to consider the matter. According to St. Luke, in this incident in Nazareth, Jesus declares the great purpose of His coming; it is the purpose, for which all of the preceding incidents have prepared Him. The logical connection therefore is very clear, although the chronological connection is obscure.

The incident itself occurred in the town of Nazareth where Jesus "had been brought up." (v. 16.) For nearly thirty years He had been known by all His neighbors and friends as the Son of Joseph (v. 22), working in His father's shop as a carpenter. (Mark 6: 3.) When He was twelve years old they had seen His father bring him into the synagogue on "the Shabbath-tephalin," and bind the word of the law upon His left arm. Then they had recognized Him as having become a "Son of the Law," and on every Sabbath day afterwards they had seen Him take His regular seat in the synagogue as a devout listener and worshiper. Not unfrequently also, they had probably seen Him in later years, as they often saw others of their neighbors who had the respect and confidence of the community, stand up, as He did on this occasion, to take part in the services, as a reader and expounder of the Scriptures. During all of these years His divine character had been hidden from them, and they knew Him only as a man, as a respected fellow townsman.

But now for some months He had been absent from their midst, and from the regular Sabbath services. Probably they knew nothing of what had occurred to Him during this absence—nothing of the baptism and temptation, or of the testimony of John concerning Him. Their town was not one of any prominence, except as a by-word, and the people were not noted for enterprise or quickness of intellect. If the news of John's preaching had reached them, it probably had not awakened much attention or interest. So when they saw Him enter the synagogue on this occasion they probably simply welcomed Him home again, as a returning friend, and saw Him take His usual seat in their midst without any special interest or expectation.

But now the time had come when He was to make Himself known in His official character. When He "stood up," therefore, "for to read," and the roll of the prophet Isaiah was handed to Him, He unrolled it until He came to the passage which we find in the sixty-first chapter. After reading it aloud He returned the roll to "the chazan" or "minister," sometimes called "the ruler," and sat down to expound the passage He had read. Every eye was fixed upon Him, and every ear was attentive to hear, for they well knew, from personal experience, that when He spoke something would be said well worth the hearing. But now His message was more profoundly interesting than ever before, "and all bare Him witness, and wondered at the gracious words which proceeded out of His mouth." (v. 22.)

He applied the passages to Himself. All that the prophet had seen seven hundred years before concerning the people of Israel in captivity in Babylon He now saw fulfilled in the condition of all around Him, and in that of all who would follow them to the remotest time. It was a dreadful condition that loomed up before Him. It was a condition which could only be described by such words

as "poor," "broken-hearted," "captives," "blind," and "bruised." It was not a physical condition, but spiritual. Men were captives under the power of sin and Satan, "the prince of this world." (John 12: 31.) They needed spiritual liberty and sight and healing and strength. They needed to know "the acceptable year of the Lord"—when and how He would receive them. All this, He said, He was anointed by "the Spirit of the Lord" to give. He came to proclaim glad tidings "to the poor," "to heal the broken-hearted," to deliver "the captives," to give "sight to the blind," "to set at liberty them that are bruised," and "to preach the acceptable year of the Lord."

Thus He presented Himself as the great remedy for man's sinful condition. He was anointed to give all that the sinner needs. But the sinner must be conscious of his needs, before he can receive "the free gift." When He spoke these words to the people of Nazareth, they did not at all understand them. They thought that He simply referred to temporal and physical benefits, to a series of remarkable cures such as they had heard of as having been done in Capernaum. Such benefits they would have been very glad to receive. If He had offered to make all who were pinched with poverty to have enough and to spare—if He would would have wiped away the tears from all sorrowing eyes—if He would have restored health to the sick—made the blind to see, and released the prisoner from his chains, all Nazareth would have welcomed Him with open arms. This was all they felt their need of. All they wanted was relief from daily burdens. But when they understood that this was not what He was anointed to give they were greatly disappointed and "were filled with wrath, and rose up and thrust Him out of the city, and led Him unto the brow of the hill whereon this city was built, that they might cast Him down headlong." (vv. 28–29.)

It is just so to-day. Men reject the offers of Christ's grace, because they do not desire the spiritual gifts He came to bestow, any more than did the people of Nazareth. It was so in the days of ancient Israel. There were many widows and lepers then in the land, who received no help whatever from the prophets of God. Only the widow of Sarepta and the leper of Syria were blessed and rejoiced in their blessings. They recognized their true condition, and believing the word of God by the mouth of His prophets they yielded themselves obediently to it. When they did this they were fed and healed, in both soul and body.

Thus in this offer of Himself, Jesus enters upon His ministry to others. His work is to save sinners rather than to relieve sufferers. It was because of this that He was named "Jesus." (Matt. 1: 21.) As He described it in the synagogue of Nazareth, He brings sinful men into new relations to God and His Law. He takes them out of the bondage of sin and sets them at liberty as the children of God. He takes them out of their weakness and blindness, and brings them into the marvelous life and strength of the Gospel. It is a wonderful change. All things become new. Standing in new relations to God, they stand in new relations to men, and to all that is about them in the world. They are brought back into the same relationship which unfallen Adam occupied when he walked in fellowship with his Maker. When he fell he was still the same man as before. The world about him was the same—and God was the same. But sin had changed all of his relationships. Instead of walking with God he now hid from Him. Instead of being filled with love he was filled with fear, and the earth brought forth thorns and thistles instead of flowers and fruit. Now, when men come back to God through Jesus Christ, the world is still the same, men are the same. God is the same, and they themselves are the same as before. And yet everything is different, because they see everything with new eyes—eyes that have been opened. The life which they now live in the flesh they live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved them and gave Himself for them. (Gal. 2: 20.)

When I was a young man I had a friend who became a student at West Point on the Hudson River. From his childhood he had been somewhat near sighted, but it had never given him any trouble, and he was comparatively ignorant of the fact. After living for some time in his new home, one day he carelessly picked up the housekeeper's spectacles from her work-basket, and putting them on, began to look around him. They were just suited to his condition. At once a new world opened out before him. He had often walked in the midst of the varied scenery of that far famed region, but it had never impressed him as being very remarkable. Now, however, hill and valley, mountain and river burst upon him as if a fairy wand had changed all of his surroundings. He could not contain himself. On and on, he walked, every step opening new vistas of beauty he had never before even imagined to exist. Night came on, but he did not return to his home. He had never seen the stars before, and now he could not turn away his gaze even for rest and refreshment. It was not until late in the night that he came in, as one who had been walking in a dream, and he could not sleep for very joy at the wonderful things which had been revealed to him.

And yet nothing had been changed, but his relationship to other things. He was now in a condition in which he could see them as they really were. His experience is but a feeble illustration of the great change which takes place when a man passes out from under Adam, into Christ. It is a passing "from death unto life." (John 5: 24.)

BRYN MAWR, Penn.

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A GOOD STORY, IF TRUE.

A VERY rich merchant, who had an only son, made his will, by which he gave all his wealth, which amounted to three hundred thousand francs, to certain monks, leaving them to give to his son such a sum as they wished. The merchant died: the monks took all to themselves without wishing to give anything to the heir. The latter complained to the viceroy, who, having seen the will, asked the monks what they offered to the son.

"Ten thousand francs," they replied.

"You wish, then, to have all the rest?"

"Yes, my lord; we demand the execution of the will."

"That is just," said the viceroy, "but you do not understand it properly; it is said that the son shall have that which you wish. You grant ten to the heir; it is two hundred and ninety thousand francs that you wish. Ah, well! following the clause of the will, this sum is set apart for the son. I order you to give it to him; the ten thousand francs remaining are therefore yours."

They were obliged to submit.—Young People's Paper.

"A merry heart doeth good like medicine." Disease causes gloom, and gloom causes disease. Glad, cheery souls escape many diseases, and recover from maladies which prove fatal to those of sadder temperaments. Every sunbeam you cast on another's path, not only makes life better worth living, but helps to live longer and stronger.—Christian.

DAILY BREAD.

SABBATH.

Have faith in God. Mark 11: 22.

Obedient faith, that waits on Thee,
Thou never wilt reprove:
But Thou wilt form Thy Son in me,
And perfect me in love.

All things are possible to him that believeth. Mark 9: 23.

MONDAY.

Wait on the Lord, and keep His way. Psalm 37: 34.

Thou on the Lord rely,
So, safe, shalt thou go on;
Fix on His work thy steadfast eye,
So shall thy work be done.

Those that wait upon the Lord, they shall inherit the earth. Psalm 37: 9.

TUESDAY.

I trust in the mercy of God forever and ever. Psalm 52: 8.

Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of hearts sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls whose humble love,
Is joined with holy fear.

The Lord taketh pleasure * * * in those that hope in His mercy. Psalm 147: 11.

WEDNESDAY.

Help us, O Lord, our God, for we rest on Thee. 2 Chronicles 14: 11.

There's full redemption at His throne
For sinners long enslaved;
The great Redeemer is His Son,
All Israel shall be saved.

Let Israel hope in the Lord; for with the Lord there is mercy, and with Him plenteous redemption. Psalm 130: 7.

THURSDAY.

Cleanse Thou me from secret faults. Psalm 19: 12.

How glorious is that righteousness
Which cancels the believer's sins;
While a bright evidence of grace
Through his whole life appears and shines.

I, even I, am He that blotteth out thy transgressions for mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins. Isaiah 43: 25.

FRIDAY.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. Psalm 56: 3.

To those who fear and trust the Lord,
His mercy stands forever sure;
From age to age His promise lives,
And the performance is secure.

The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble; and He knoweth them that trust Him. Nahum 1: 7.

SATURDAY.

I will delight myself in Thy Commandments which I have loved. Psalm 119: 47.

Let Thy eternal truths, we pray,
Dwell richly in each heart;
That from the safe and narrow way
We never may depart.

He that keepeth His Commandments dwelleth in Him, and He in him. 1 John 3: 24.

Sabbath Reading.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY JOHN DOUGALL & CO.,
No. 31 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK: JANUARY 17, 1896.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Please do not send us contributions of any kind for SABBATH READING, as the Editor has not time to examine them and cannot attend to the return of manuscripts.

A STRANGE BATTLE: THE WAY TO VICTORY.

Jehoshaphat had sinned greatly in making an alliance with the wicked King of Israel, and the Lord's prophet had warned him that trouble would come upon him because of his sin. But before he fell into this sin Jehoshaphat had showed an honest desire to do the will of God, and the prophet assured him that God had not forgotten his past service.

The trouble which the prophet had predicted came upon Jehoshaphat in the form of an invasion of his country by the descendants of Lot, and other tribes who lived east of the Dead Sea.

"It came to pass after this that the children of Moab, and children of Ammon, and with them other besides the Ammonites came against Jehoshaphat to battle. And Jehoshaphat feared and set himself to seek the Lord, and proclaimed a fast throughout all Judah."

This invasion was evidently a much less serious one than that led by Zera the Ethiopian, which Jehoshaphat's father, Asa, had defeated with the help of God; and the people of God remembering that glorious triumph might well have prepared to meet their new assailants with full assurance of victory. But the curse of sin is that it separates the heart from God and thus undermines faith. This is the true meaning of the common saying that "Conscience makes cowards of us all." Conscience tells us that we have not been faithful to God, and deserve punishment. At least, that is what it tries to say, though we may not catch the full significance of its warning: we may only know that we are weak where we ought to be strong.

The worst part of Jehoshaphat's trouble then, was not the approach of his enemies, but the knowledge that God had a controversy with him.

What did the king do in this emergency? His course shows what a blessed thing it is, in the hour of trial that we have brought upon ourselves by our own sins, to have in our hearts that assurance of God's pitifulness, which can only be gained through earnest and prayerful effort to do the will of God.

Jehoshaphat called to mind no doubt, the prophet's comforting assurance that God remembered his past services, and he determined to throw himself and his people on God's mercy for the past and to claim God's protection even against the danger which God had brought upon him because of his sin.

He immediately "proclaimed a fast"—that is, a public act of confession and penitence. And then he publicly acknowledged God as the supreme Owner, Ruler, and Protector of his kingdom, and claimed deliverance from God in fulfillment of the covenant made at the consecration of the Temple. He took his stand simply on the promises of God, saying nothing about his own past services but pleading his present helplessness.

Yet while Jehoshaphat had nothing to say on his own behalf it was undoubtedly due to the fact that he had honestly sought to serve God in his prosperity that God gave him special grace to meet this great trial in the right spirit. "I pray not for the world but for them which thou hast given Me; for they are Thine," said Christ, and it is always in answer to the prayer of Christ that grace is bestowed upon man.

A bad man in Jehoshaphat's place, lacking this special grace, would have hardened his heart as Ahab had done when a prophet warned him that he was going out to meet death on the battlefield.

And what was the result of Jehoshaphat's fasting and confession and revived faith? The most wonderful victory on record.

God sent His penitent and believing servant a message of peace:

"Ye shall not need to fight in this battle: set yourselves, stand ye still, and see the salvation of the Lord."

Jehoshaphat and his army marched down to meet the foe with songs of victory and praise upon their lips, and when they arrived at the place, they found that God had done all the fighting for them and there was nothing left for them to do but to gather the spoil.

What a glorious picture we have here of the goodness of God and of the safety and blessedness of those who commit themselves unconditionally to His keeping and to His control. It is a beautiful object lesson on the way of deliverance from our spiritual foes. Our share of the battle is to place ourselves under God's leadership, to praise God with our lips and with our lives, and to collect diligently the spoil of each victory which God wins for us, using it as a means of more efficient service.

"Gather up the fragments that nothing be lost" is a rule of universal obligation in spiritual matters.

Like Jehoshaphat, and like Jacob at Jabbok, we must settle our controversy with God, and then we can confidently leave to Him the work of settling with our enemies, including the world, the flesh and the Devil. Christ has overcome all these for us, and He can overcome them in us, if we will give Him full control.

EFFORT, PRAYER, FAITH.

Last week we spoke of our desire to obtain for SABBATH READING during this year no less than a million readers. And we said that if each present subscriber would send us three new names during the year, this splendid result would be attained. The idea grows upon us. Encouraged by kind words from all quarters we intend to keep this matter before you from time to time, and we feel confident that before December 31 SABBATH READING will have gained a very great increase of circulation, even if it does not by that time reach the million mark.

We do hope that all who can will aid us in this matter. Please read the letter printed on the last page. It is only one among hundreds of similar letters received, and we pick it out because it exactly expresses our thought with regard to the mission of this paper to the unconverted.

That letter tells of EFFORT, PRAYER, FAITH: a trio that can move mountains. Will you adopt these watchwords? Will you send SABBATH READING to three loved ones? Or will you induce three persons anywhere to take this paper?

"Who are My brethren?" asked the Son of God. "Whosoever shall do the will of My Father which is in Heaven, the same is My brother, and sister, and mother."

"THE FIELD IS THE WORLD." Here is an opportunity at a cost so very small to do a missionary work that may bear much fruit to the glory of God in the salvation of precious souls.

Scripture History in Question and Answer.

Chapter II.—EDEN AND THE FALL.

Where did God put our first parents?

And the Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed. (Gen. 2: 8.)

What trees grew in the garden?

Every tree that is pleasant to the sight and good for food; the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and evil. (Gen. 2: 9.)

Did God give Adam any work to do?

And the Lord God took the man, and put him into the garden of Eden to dress it and to keep it. (Gen. 2: 15.)

What did God give the man to eat, and what did He forbid?

Of every tree of the garden thou mayest freely eat; but of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil thou shalt not eat of it; for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die. (Gen. 2: 16, 17.)

What did God say about a man living alone?

And the Lord God said, It is not good that the man should be alone. (Gen. 2: 18.)

What did the serpent say to the woman?

Yea, hath God said, Ye shall not eat of every tree of the garden. (Gen. 3: 1.)

Why did Adam and Eve eat the forbidden fruit?

When the woman saw that the tree

was good for food, and that it was pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she took of the fruit thereof, and did eat, and gave also unto her husband with her; and he did eat. (Gen. 3: 6.)

What did Adam and Eve find out after they had eaten of the tree of knowledge of good and evil?

The eyes of them both were opened and they knew that they were naked. (Gen. 3: 7.)

What did they do when they heard God walking in the garden in the evening?

Adam and his wife hid themselves from the presence of the Lord God amongst the trees of the garden. (Gen. 3: 8.)

What questions did God put to Adam?

Who told thee that thou wast naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldst not eat? (Gen. 3: 11.)

What excuse did Adam give for eating the fruit?

The woman WHOM THOU GAVEST TO BE WITH ME, she gave me of the tree and I did eat. (Gen. 3: 12.)

What excuse did Eve give?

The serpent beguiled me, and I did eat. (Gen. 3: 13.)

Did God curse Adam and Eve for their sin?

No, He cursed the serpent for tempting them, and He cursed the ground for man's sake; that man might have the constant discipline of hard work, which his new condition required. (Gen. 3: 14 and 17.)

What promise did God give at the same time?

That the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent. (Gen. 3: 15.)

What does Paul tell us about the curse?

The creation was subjected to vanity, not of its own will, but by reason of Him who hath subjected it, in hope that the creation itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the liberty of the glory of the children of God. (See Rom. 8: 19-23, R. V.)

What reason did God give for driving Adam out of Eden?

Lest he put forth his hand and take also of the tree of life, and eat, and live for ever. (Gen. 3: 22.)

Where did John see the tree of life?

And on this side of the river and on that was the tree of life, bearing twelve manner of fruits, yielding its fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. (Rev. 22: 2, R. V.)

What is said about the serpent in the Book of Revelation?

He laid hold on the dragon, THAT OLD SERPENT, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years (Rev. 20: 2). And the Devil that deceived them was cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the beast and the false prophet are, and shall be tormented day and night for ever and ever. (Rev. 20: 10.)

THERE are more men who have missed opportunities than there are who have lacked opportunities.—La Beaumelle.

Common Sense Talks
TO YOUNG MEN
12

George R. Scott

Hark! Yes, harken to others rather than be too anxious to have others harken to you. The gift of hearing is often more useful than the gift of speech. It is well to absorb sometimes rather than to give. Knowledge cometh by reading, seeing, and listening. And without knowledge a young man is not much better off than one of the beasts of the field.

And not only harken, but get into the habit of sifting what you hear. Turn it over in your mind; boil it down; look at it on all sides, and swallow what is good and reject what is not.

There is a great deal of sound common sense coming daily from the mouths of those who are looked upon as very common people; but who, from actual experience, have acquired the kind of knowledge that cannot be acquired in schools or even colleges. Such knowledge is only "caught on the fly," and therefore your ears must be kept wide open and your tongue quiet if you want to be the recipient of what may be a great blessing to you.

All through the Bible we are commanded to hearken to what God had to say. And there is wisdom in the request as well as duty.

I was reading the life of one of our Vice-Presidents, and in that account it was stated that he was a good listener, and had thereby accumulated a fund of information as well as a good stock of anecdotes. He attributed his success in life partly to his habit of listening earnestly and attentively to others.

A young man should strive to be a magazine of intelligence, and have what he has heard or learned snugly put away in the chambers of memory ready at all times to be put in use.

There are better and more brilliant scholars than Dr. Buckley, of the "Christian Advocate"; but few men who can match him in an off-hand debate or excel him with the pen. He can talk; but he can do something else. It was once my pleasure to be present at a Methodist Conference when a great debate was going on. For hours I noticed that Dr. Buckley was an intense listener to the speeches of others. He sat in his seat almost motionless, except once in awhile drawing a heavy breath. But when he did speak he had something to say, and his speech was punctuated by extracts from what others had said. He talked as if every word that his opponents had uttered had been caged and was only waiting for the opportunity to get out of his mouth when he opened it.

I once heard an old lady make the remark to a boy: "Keep your ears shut and you will hear nothing bad." That boy in now a man, and he is evidently taking the advice of the old lady, for if ever there was a "know-nothing" he is one. She meant well, but her advice was not the best in the world. Keep your ears closed to all that is bad and open to all that is good, is far better advice.

I was well acquainted with a prominent New York lawyer, now deceased. In a talk one evening he said: "George, the best kind of education is going about waiting to be picked up. Get up early in the morning, and like the early bird go for the worms." It was my pleasure to listen, in war times, to a speech that he made in Union Square. It is even now quoted. Its strength consisted in relating what he had heard and seen.

Harken! Some day you may hear words that will be the making of you. Think over your past and you will, no doubt, come to the conclusion that what is best in you is the result of listening to some one who told you what was best for your present and future welfare.

In 1846, while in a little chapel, I listened to a man preach. He took for his text these words, "Whereas I was blind, now I see." At that time I was only ten years old; but how I listened. It was the first temperance lecture I had ever heard. But it not only made me a temperance boy, but a temperance man also.

How glad I am to-day that I ever harkened to that tall, gaunt old man as he depicted the horrors of a drunkard's life. I can see him in the pulpit now, and hear his peculiar voice as he cried out, "Young men, harken to me—never, never drink that which intoxicates!"

There were boys in that audience that did not harken, and nobody worth writing about has since harkened to them.

The trouble is that so few harken. In the days of Noah only he and his family harkened to God's command. Of course you know what happened to the others. When God shut the door of the ark there were thousands who wished they had harkened; but it was too late to get away from the rain. As usual, the majority were wrong and the minority were right.

Harken to the pleadings of the Holy Spirit. Harken to the voices of father, mother, and good friends. And—excuse me—harken to the words that are contained in this publication.

WE must have our daily soul work between ourselves and God—our secret communion with Him—or we shall starve even though surrounded by plenty. We must read our own Bibles, do our own praying and believing and weeping before the Lord. We cannot be pardoned in masses or saved in crowds. Straight is the gate, and each must find it and enter it for himself alone.—H. L. Hastings.

For Sabbath Reading.

FOR THIS WORLD AND THE NEXT.

THE Industrial Christian Alliance is an association formed for the purpose of providing work, shelter and food for destitute men with the object of leading them to Christ, and of helping them to overcome bad habits and to get a new start in life.

Looking upon the ninety-five well-dressed, gentlemanly looking men, many of them bearing the stamp of education and refinement in their faces, who filled the chapel of the Alliance in Bleecker street a few nights ago, it seemed impossible to realize, that without exception, they had all entered the place first as tramps. Dirty, ragged, homeless, friendless, the slaves of drink and other vices, they sought the shelter of the Home, and their changed appearance testifies more forcibly than any words can of the saving power of Jesus Christ.

The chapel itself, a bright, cheerful room, with ceiled walls and ceiling is not without interest. All the work was done by converts in the Home. At one end of the room hangs a beautiful copy of Hoffman's "Christ in Gethsemane." The artist who painted it was a man who had tramped from Philadelphia to New York, stealing rides on freight trains, picking up a crust of bread from the gutters to eat, and altogether in so deplorable a condition from drink, that humanly speaking, his case seemed hopeless. But under the good influence of the Home he was converted, and his first work was to paint the picture for the chapel.

On the platform stands a handsome reading desk of polished wood. This also was the work of one of the converts, and was made from old pieces of beds, slats and scraps of wood gathered about the premises. In all ninety-seven pieces of wood were used.

The meeting, which lasted an hour and half, was spent by the men in singing well-known Gospel hymns. Mr. Perkins, one of the associate workers gave a short Bible lesson on the death of Lazarus, and then the men gave the following testimonies:

"I feel that I have a great deal to praise the Lord for. He has saved my soul from sin, and He is now keeping me every day."

"I cannot begin to tell you of all God's mercies toward me. My heart is too full to say anything, but pray for me."

"My friends, I have a testimony to give to-night, that isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to do, but I feel that I ought to give it. I was converted and was happy serving the Lord. But one day I pushed away the hand of Jesus, and I don't need to tell you what happened. You all saw the condition into which I got myself. I have repented of my sin, and I have asked God to pardon me. I believe He does, and I ask you all here to pardon me for the example that I have given and to pray for me."

"Three times in my life I have come as near death as I shall ever be until I die, but when I got over my accidents I never thought any more about them, and went right on in my wicked career. Now it is different. I look forward to death as the time when I shall meet my blessed Saviour face to face, and go to the home which He has prepared for me."

"I'm not all that I want to be or that I mean to be. I'm doing my best to serve the Lord honestly, but sometimes I forget, and an oath slips out. I'm trusting the Lord to keep me, and I know that He is helping me. I ask an honest interest in all your prayers."

"I tell you, there's nothing pays so much as serving the Lord. He's a Friend that never deserts you. He gives you clothes, position, and everything you need. I'm glad that He is my Master, and I mean to remain faithful to Him."

"God's mercies to me have been so great that I hardly know how to speak of them. I am a very different man to-night than I was a year ago. I have a hope of a future life in the world to come, as well as bright hopes and prospects in this life. In a short time, God willing, I hope to be reunited to my family, and pray that my children, who have never heard my name uttered save in scorn, will learn to love and respect me as their father. I ask your prayers that God will enable me to serve Him faithfully, and that when He calls me hence I shall leave behind me a name that my children will be proud to bear."

"I'm trying to do better every every day."

"God kept me to-day and I thank Him for it."

"The Lord is my Shepherd. That is my song, and I will fear no evil. He is anointing my head with oil, and my cup is running over. Verily I do believe that as long as I serve Him mercy and goodness shall follow me all the days of my life. Praise His holy name."

"I thank God for all that He has done for me."

"Pray for me, all of you."

"It is my intention as long as I live to devote my life to the Lord and to serve Him faithfully. Pray for me that as I have begun, I may continue."

"God is helping me to follow in His footsteps."

The meeting closed with a few earnest words from Mr. Arthur Millbury, the superintendent, who urged the unconverted to give up their evil lives and seek a Saviour's pardoning love. He urged this not only for their spiritual good, but for their temporal benefit as well.

He pointed out to them the fact that only to good men were favors given. When a bank wanted to elect a new president they didn't look out for the worst man, but they hunted until they found a good man and gave him the position. He showed them that when they were in sin they were in tatters, and that many of the men in the room did not have on a suit of underclothes when they came to the Home. It was when they became tired and were willing to renounce their old ways that God provided them with all things necessary.

The invitation was given for all who wanted to be prayed for to raise their hands, and quite a number of men responded. Mr. Millbury knelt and offered an earnest prayer for the conversion of these men, and the meeting was closed with the Doxology.

Every man has experienced how feelings which end in themselves, and do not express themselves in action, leave the heart debilitated. We get feeble and sickly in character when we feel keenly and cannot do the thing we feel.—F. W. Robertson.

Conscience warns us as a friend before it punishes us as a judge.—Stanislaus.

THE PEOPLE OF THE EARTH AND THEIR RELIGIONS.

The population of the earth is divided about as follows:

North America	88,500,000
South America	35,500,000
Europe	360,000,000
Asia	800,000,000
Africa	163,000,000
The Islands	5,000,000
	1,512,000,000

These are divided religiously:

Christians	470,000,000
Non-Christians	1,042,000,000

The Christians are divided:

Oriental Christians	112,000,000
Protestants	150,000,000
Roman Catholics	208,000,000

Oriental Christians are divided:

Maronites	150,000
Nestorians	250,000
Copts	600,000
Armenians	3,000,000
Abyssinians	6,000,000
Greek Church	102,000,000
	112,000,000

The Non-Christians are divided:

Jews	8,000,000
Mohammedans	190,000,000
Heathen	844,000,000
	1,042,000,000

The heathen are divided:

Buddhists, Taoists, Confucianists, Shintoists	433,000,000
Hindoos	208,000,000
Sikhs, Jains, Parsees	3,000,000
Pagans	200,000,000
	844,000,000

Europe and America are almost entirely Christian, and Asia and Africa are almost entirely Mohammedan and heathen.

Roman Catholics are found chiefly in southern Europe, South America, Central America and Mexico.

Protestantism is strongest in northern and western Europe and the United States and Canada.

Mohammedanism is strongest in western Asia and northern Africa, but there are 30,000,000 in China and 57,000,000 in India.

Hindooism is confined almost entirely to India.

Buddhism is found chiefly in Ceylon, Siam, Burmah, China, Corea and Japan.

Confucianists and Taoists are in China and Corea.

Shintoism is confined to Japan.

Buddhists, Confucianists, Taoists and Shintoists are reckoned together because the adherents of one are frequently adherents of one or two of the others.

The Greek Church has its adherents in Russia, Greece, Servia, Montenegro, Roumania and Bulgaria.

The Maronites are in Syria, the Nestorians in Persia and eastern Turkey, the Copts in Egypt, the Armenians in Turkey and Persia, the Abyssinians in Abyssinia.

Seven-eighths of the Jews are in Europe, and of these one-half are in Russia.

The Pagans are chiefly in northern Asia, in Africa and the numerous large islands of the East.

Christianity has the largest number of adherents of any religious system, followed closely by Buddhism and its allied religions; then follows Mohammedanism.

Less than one-third of the human race are nominal and active Christians, and but one in ten are Protestants.

More than two-thirds of the human race have no Bible, no adequate knowledge of God and of the plan of salvation through Christ. The vast majority of them have never once had the Gospel preached to them.

Over one thousand million are conscious of sin, and have no remedy. Five abreast, a yard apart, these would make a procession 118,404 miles long. Estimating the average life of a generation at thirty years. 34,733,333 die every year, 95,160 die every day, 3,965 die every hour, and 66 every minute. Allowing but five yards for each funeral, the dead would form a daily funeral procession 270 miles in length.

Protestantism looks out upon the world and seeks to weigh its responsibilities.

It sees Roman Catholicism and Oriental Christianity with forms and ceremonies that cultivate religion without morality, with a worship of images, shrines, and saints, exhibiting itself often as a godless Christianity or a baptized infidelity.

It sees the Jews looking for the coming of their Messiah, or rejecting the literal rendering of the prophecies that speak of His coming.

It sees the Mohammedans, adherents of a faith that worships but one god, and that god one pleased with a devotion which has in it none of the spirit of Christianity, and pleased with a faith that wins adherents by the sword.

It sees a heathendom, a many-headed monster formed from the restless imaginings of those who seek for excuses for sin or absolution from its penalties.

Protestantism believes that it possesses the plan of salvation in its simplicity, perfection and power. In that plan there are personal salvation and active evangelism. He who hears "Thy sins are forgiven" also hears "Tell others," and that telling is to be to "all the world."

Therefore Protestantism has a mission to Jew and Greek, to Roman Catholic and Mohammedan, to Hindoo and Buddhist, to Confucianist and Pagan, to all at home and abroad who have not purity and peace through Christ.

Had Christianity been true to its mission far different would be the vision of the past and of to-day. For near five hundred years the Christian church seemed to live for itself. Near the close of the last century there commenced an awakening as to the nature of the great commission.

One hundred and ten years ago there was not a single Protestant missionary from the United States and Great Britain laboring in any part of the Mohammedan and heathen world, and not more than thirty missionaries from the Moravians of Germany in their foreign missions.

The missionary spirit has been steadily growing since then, and now the Protestant church of Europe and America is raising yearly over $14,000,000 for foreign missions, and is supporting in heathen and Mohammedan lands 11,000 male and female missionariy who are being aided in their work by 5,000 ordained native preachers and 45,000 other native laborers.

These missionaries have gathered in their fields 850,000 communicants and 3,000,000 adherents, and have translated the Bible into 90 languages and partially into 230 others, making 320 languages through which Gospel truth is speeding its way to mind, conscience and heart. The Gospel leaven is spreading everywhere, modifying heathen practices and bringing nearer the universal reign of our Christ.

A grand work is being accomplished, but with two-thirds of the entire human race, who are non-Christians, and the most of these have never heard of Christ, there seems to be but little reason for congratulation.

The Protestants of the United States are giving about $5,000,000 annually for foreign missions. There are 14,000,000 Protestant church members in the United States. If each one would give one cent a week to foreign missions there would be an income of $7,280,000, and an increase of nearly one-third to our missionary force. If each member gave five cents a Sunday the income would be $36,400,000; enough to support three times as many foreign missionary workers as are now being supported by the Protestants of America, Great Britain and Continental Europe. If each member during 1896 should give ten cents a Sunday the income would be $72,800,000, and the year 1897 would see 50,000 foreign missionaries and 300,000 native Christian catechists and preachers, all representing American Protestantism, carrying the Gospel to every city and town and hamlet in every land now called Mohammedan and heathen, and in the year 1900, only four years from the present, there would not be a mosque or heathen temple that would not resound with praises to our Immanuel.

The Methodist Episcopal Church, reported in December, 1894, that it had 2,369,634 members and 327,959 probationers; total, 2,697,592. The church gave in 1894, through its leading benevolent societies, $1,047,000 for foreign missions, and $1,323,600 for home missions; total, $2,370,650 for missions. The receipts of the General Missionary Society in 1894 were, for its regular work, $1,137,807 86; special contributions, $46,301 50; total, $1,184,109 36. The receipts in 1895 were, for its regular work, $1,174,554 38; special contribution, $68,105 35; total, $1,242,660 73. Of the money appropriated direct to missions, the foreign missions receive 55 per cent. and the home missions 45 per cent.

The foreign missions are carried on in what are called Protestant countries, Roman Catholic and Greek Church countries, and heathen countries.

The missions in Protestant countries are in Germany, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Denmark. The Missionary Society now sends no missionaries to these countries, but assists in supporting the native preachers and in erecting houses of worship. It has in these five nations 39,981 members and 6,480 probationers; total, 46,821.

The missions in Roman Catholic countries are in Italy, South America and Mexico, reporting an aggregate of 4,721 members and 3,624 probationers; total, 8,345.

The missions in Greek Church countries are in Russia, where the Finland and St. Petersburg Mission report 587 members and 160 probationers; and in Bulgaria, which reports 177 members and 86 probationers.

The missions in heathen countries are in Corea, China, Japan, India and Malaysia, and these report 30,860 members, 47,726 probationers; a total of 78,586.

The missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States are among the poor and destitute, chiefly in the South and West, among the Colored people of the South, and among all the foreign-speaking people who come here from Europe or Asia. These missions each year report a very satisfactory advance.

The Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church is asking for $1,500,000 for the year 1896 for its great work at home and abroad. It asks every member and probationer to give for this cause as God has prospered them.—The Gospel in All Lands.

CHRISTIAN HEROISM IN CHINA.

IT is not to be wondered at that China clings so firmly to her old civilization, which has weathered so many storms, and has brought to her land a certain measure of prosperity. The suspicion with which she regards every proposal of reform, and especially every new doctrine, is quite comprehensible. And yet the Chinese are anything but unreceptive. If we look at the governmental system of China and the corrupt official world, we may well lose hope. But amongst the people themselves there are not a few from whom we cannot withhold our warmest admiration, and who fill us with the certain hope that this great nation is ripe for a new birth through the Gospel. It would be an error to believe that the old heroes of China have utterly died out. And it is just among the Christians, among the really converted, that these old heroes live again, and prove that courage and chivalry are by no means extinct in China. When the Scotch missionary Wylie was murdered in the most brutal manner by Chinese soldiers in Manchuria, his deacon, Lin stood firmly by his pastor, and would not leave his side. When the blows fell thick as hail, he tried to shield the missionary with his own body. When the missionary lost consciousness, it was Lin who took him in his arms, nor did he leave him till they were separated by force. Then Lin crept on his hands and knees to the Yamen, and, on the point of swooning himself, gave notice of the catastrophe. And when in 1892 a mob in Sze-chuen demanded fiercely that the missionaries should be beaten with bamboos, because they had caused the great drought, some of the Christian servants voluntarily offered themselves to bear the punishment for their masters, and their sacrifice was accepted by the mob. Many like examples may be found in the history of every mission. To such a people we feel ourselves bound with indissoluble bands of love. In respect to them the work of missions is no pressing burden, but a joy. They are the hope of China. —Berichte der Rheinischen Missions-Gesellschaft.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME.

IN one little town the landlady's room was filled, twenty or thirty women sitting on the floor all around us listening most attentively to the Gospel. Close by my side was one old woman of seventy-five, bent, wrinkled, and toil-worn, but intelligent and bright. Several times I tried to get her to understand about the love of Jesus, but she was somewhat deaf, and could not take it in. And yet she wanted so much to know. Again and again tears came to my eyes, and I could not speak for emotion as I tried to explain to her the Gospel message. At last she took my hand in hers, and said so earnestly:

"When are you coming back? When shall we see one another's face again?"

With straightened heart I had to answer, "I cannot tell; perhaps never."

"What," she said; "once in a lifetime to see you; once in a lifetime to hear such words, and then—no more!"

And through and through my heart echoed her words: "Once in a lifetime, once in a lifetime." That seemed the chief thought that her old mind had grasped; for several times I heard her saying, "Never to come again; once only in a lifetime!"—Mrs. Howard Taylor, in Christian Million.

Jan's Doll. The Story of an Alaskan Child.

BY ELLA F. MOSBY.

JAN was a small Eskimo, who lived on the northern coast of the great Winter-land of Alaska. In the south and southwest are mountains covered with mighty forests of hemlock, spruce and larch, and they are full of wild creatures, elks and bears, foxes, wolves, martens, etc., in perpetual stir, hunting and being hunted. Here the river Yukon, full of shining fish, plunges down into the sea, its volume so immense that ten miles out from its mouth its waters are still fresh. Most of the inhabitants, the Aleuts, Indians, and whites, dwell here. It is very silent except for the strange cracking and moaning of the ice and the rush and roar of the snow-storms that sweep down with clouds of stinging ice-spray and whirling snow-flake, and blot out sea and land in a white blur.

But our Eskimo baby liked it—that did he! both the long, long night and the long, long day that made the Arctic year. In the pale blue Arctic night the moon and stars shone brilliantly, and there was a snow-glimmer also that guided the Eskimo on his way. The snow-peaks and plains, wherever a shadow touched them, were a delicate blue, and the moonlight on the frost set sparkling a host of silvery frost-flowers. Often the air crackled and tingled, and Jan beheld the dance of the Northern Lights, violet, rose-colored, and white streamers, leaping high into the heavens, and sending soft, trembling auroral lights over the snow. He was so warm in his sealskin, fashioned very like a fur bag, that he did not mind the cold.

The little house he lived in was made of snow, and shaped like an old-fashioned bee-hive, with a very low entrance. This did not at all inconvenience the short Eskimo men and women. It was surprisingly warm in the snow huts, where the seal-fat burned in the lamp all the time. The air, it is true, was very smoky; and things generally, especially the children, were very grimy and oily. But Jan did not mind.

Jan, even in his short life, had known one adventure. The Eskimo men, of course, never dreamed of stopping indoors because it was night, for that would have been losing time, indeed! Their sleds, pulled by dogs, went rapidly over the slippery ice and snow. For the black water, they had canoes. Their business was fishing; and clothes, food, light, fuel, weapons and ornaments came from their catch of seals, whales, sea otters and the walruses, which were valuable chiefly for their white tusks. A rumor reached the village that some traders were at the next settlement, and Jan's father and some other Eskimo villagers loaded their sleds with skins and tusks, and started on a trading expedition. Jan's mother was dead, and his father, unlike the other Eskimo fathers, would not leave him at home with the women and children, if he could take him. This seemed a very safe journey, so Jan, in his fur bag, was packed in the sled between his father's feet, and enjoyed the crack of the long whip and the rush of the sled through the keen, frosty air and over the frozen ground.

As they returned, however, one of the dog-teams ran away, and Jan's sled was overturned, and he and his father pitched out. When they picked up his father he was still stunned by the fall, and the others did not think of Jan at all, for they were not used to babies as traveling companions for men. The women usually carried them over their shoulders, like a pack.

So Jan was left alone, a poor little mite, quite helpless as to legs and arms, so tightly was he bundled up, and lay on his back and heard the great north wind and the waves singing and shouting to one another. He thought of the low snow-house and the smoky light—it was all snug and warm inside, he knew, and the women and men were busy in different parts of the room. Some of the men were carving ivory or bone, and telling wild and curious stories, and if the women were not listening, they, too, sang or told stories.

Jan thought of himself, toddling about from one group to another, as the story pleased him best, and he wished with all his little heart that he was there. He also remembered very distinctly a story his father had told of being at work one day on the beach by himself, as he thought; but he heard a growl, and there was a great white Polar bear sitting opposite him. A homesick Polar bear in the Zoo is not agreeable, but our Eskimo liked him still less in such a suspiciously good humor, his sharp white teeth showing as he grinned. In fact, he liked his company so little that he left his work and fled. When poor little Jan remembered the sharp teeth, he could not stand it any longer, but opened his mouth wide with a wail of distress.

Some one else was traveling along the coast at this time, though Jan did not know it—a missionary, on his way to the next village. All at once he heard a different sound—a child's cry—and, wondering very much, he looked about him and at last saw a little dark bundle on the ground, from which the cry was still coming.

"Bless me, it's an Eskimo baby! The cry is all right, at any rate."

His voice was very kind, and Jan gave a small grunt of approval as he felt himself picked up.

The missionary was surprised to find Jan old enough to talk; but he had not gotten much information when there was a violent wriggle, and a funny little cry of delight, for in the snow-glimmer was dimly visible what looked like a procession of walking bundles—the father, who had quite recovered from the shock, and his companions on the search for Jan.

This was the way the little Eskimo got acquainted with the tall missionary, and he soon got to love him very much indeed.

When the Alaskan Summer came, Jan's people left the snow huts and lived in skin tents (when they were not fishing), and the sun shown on the icy crystals and made them glitter like the rainbow, or flush with the rose color of sea-shells. The snow could be heard thundering down from the icy pinnacles, and the streams ran, leaping and laughing, into the sea.

And Jan made a discovery. He found a quiet, sandy cove that the seals liked. The men were fishing in quite another direction, and so the seals had a good time. When Jan, one lucky day, left to his own resources, climbed up the rough rocks and peeped down, he saw two or three old bearded walruses, or sea-horses, on the farthest point, looking very solemn and very silly. He did not care for these, but for the seals, the fathers diving about in the water, the mothers and the baby seals lying lazily content in the hot sunshine. The sun was low and red, and the mountains were all aflame, and the snow no longer looked cold, but like soft warm fleeces of crimson wool, and the seals looked very black and shiny in the red light.

Jan saw one little seal he particularly wanted to play with. It had such dear little flappers, and such round, innocent eyes. He crept nearer and nearer, down the rocks, but the old mother seal, who had been dozing, felt his shadow and turned her head and saw him. She knew that kind of creature, only bigger, and knew no good of it, she would have said; so she made a sudden splash into the water, and after her went the little seal, and, splash after splash along the shore, all the seals vanished from sight.

It was hard on Jan, who had the most civil intentions, and had never gone fishing in his life. He felt rather small and lonesome, for it is not nice to be snubbed, even by a baby seal.

After awhile, however, he got up and trotted away. He thought it was about time for his father to return, and Jan remembered a certain piece of ivory, which he was carving into a doll for him. It was the most hideous thing, with goggle eyes and an absurd nose and mouth, but Jan watched every stroke with wonder and delight.

Yes; his father was at work upon it, and little Jan squatted close beside him, and forgot his disappointment.

"Do you like it, Jan?" asked his father.

Jan gave a little grunt of pleasure.

Presently he said, "I want to give it to the tall man."

The missionary was six feet tall, and so towered far above the little Eskimo men, who were rarely above five feet.

The father gave a big grunt in his turn, he was so surprised.

"But you like it?"

"Yes"; said Jan, with two little guttural sounds of approval, "and I like him."

The father went on carving in silence, and the doll grew more and more grotesque, and more beautiful in Jan's eyes.

Soon the news came that the missionary was going back home for a while to see his wife and child. Jan grew very eager for the work of art to be finished, and as soon as it was done he and his father started for the next station. It was the kind of day you never see anywhere except in the Arctic countries; a mist and the sun shining through it, and casting strange looking, soft, white halos on the ground, and here and there lay delicate phosphorescent blue shadows. The missionary was in his sled, ready to start, but he waited when he saw them, and smiled at Jan while his father explained their errand and placed the precious image in his hand.

His first glance was a puzzled one, and Jan's heart sank with sudden misgiving. Of what use could even the most exquisite plaything be to his friend, going away to a land of men all as big as himself—for so he had told Jan—and therefore, in all probability, dangerous?

Jan looked at the missionary very wistfully. He had naturally a fair skin and auburn hair, but he was so greased with blubber and blackened with smoke that he appeared very dark. There was

a love, however, in his round eyes that recalled to the missionary's mind another baby face with a big doll close beside it. He told Jan how glad he was to have this gift.

"Do you like it as well as seal-fat?" queried Jan, still doubting.

"Better than seal-fat; better than sea-horses' teeth."

So our little Eskimo was entirely satisfied, for these were his highest standards of value.

In truth, the thought of this grotesque and ugly image often brought a sort of glow to the missionary's heart on his long journey, for he knew it was Jan's treasure; and when he told the story to his wife she took Jan's doll very gently in her hand and kissed it.—The Christian Million.

A French Poet and His Friends.

FRANCOIS COPPEE the author of "For the King." has a great many friends in Paris, but none of them is more devoted than the little birds that lives in the Jardin du Luxembourg. They know him as soon as they see him come in at one of the wide gates, his shoulders drooping, his head hanging forward, his face pale from ill-health. They know in just which one of his pockets he carries the big piece of bread which he is going to divide into crumbs for their benefit, and they probably say in their own special language:

"Ah, here is Friend Coppee, bless him?"

They are not the only ones that know what Coppee has in his pocket. All the Latin Quarter people who come and go through that corner of the Luxembourg Garden which faces the Odeon know that the gentle author rarely misses a day in his devotion to the birds. And when he appears with a peculiar swollen appearance about one of his pockets, they draw quietly off to a respectful distance to watch.

As soon as the circle of spectators—workmen in blue blouses, students in corduroy and slouch hats, nursemaids with barelegged children—as soon as these elements, which might possibly be disturbing have taken themselves far enough out of the way, the birds close in around the poet until sometimes a hundred of them will be fluttering about his head or hopping about his feet. Then he takes out a piece of bread, and crumbling off one corner, tosses a morsel up in the air. Instantly there is a flutter of wings, and two or three of the birds dart upward and the most fortunate one catches the crumb in its flight and settles down again to his place in the flock.

One crumb after another is thrown out in this direction and that, and occasionally a few are scattered on the ground, so that the less adventurous and weaker spirits may have their share. Finally a big fat crumb is pinched off, but not thrown. It is held invitingly between the thumb and finger, while the poet looks at his birds as much as to say:

"Come, come. You know your friend Coppee. Give me a proof of your affection, as I am giving you a proof of mine."

There is a great flutter then among the birds: a great cocking of pretty heads; much sharp glancing of bright eyes. Finally one particularly brave little creature makes a wide curve toward the imprisoned crumb a little, so that a tiny morsel of it falls to the ground, where it is quickly picked up. It is as if he said to his small flock:

"See, my little friends, it is a good crumb. Where is your confidence? Have I ever betrayed you?"

As if ashamed of having hesitated so long, a bird makes a dart toward the outstretched hand, poises with fluttering wings above it, picks daintily at the crumb, and then bears it away triumphantly in its bill. After that it all goes merry as a marriage bell. Two or three birds will be eating from his hand at the same time. They light on his shoulders, on his arm, on his hat.

The spectators, meanwhile, are full of breathless interest. A child, whose loud cry of delight startled the birds into sudden flight, is unceremoniously jerked back by his nurse with an emphatic "Tais-toi." The students talk in an undertone about the dear master, as they call Coppee.

Last Winter, when there was an unusual amount of snow in Paris, Coppee was particularly attentive to the wants of his birds, which in their turn, were more than ever appreciative of his good offices, for the snow made pretty poor picking for them. And on cold days it was no uncommon sight to see the students rush up to the poet, after he had finished his dole, and turn up his coat collar, or tighten his muffler, or button his overcoat.

"Dear master," they would say affectionately, "you must be more careful of yourself. You know you are not strong, and it is cold, and we need you as much as the birds do."

Newsboy's Christmas.

ONE Christmas night an old-time newspaper writer stepped into a cheap restaurant in Park Row. He had enjoyed a hearty dinner, but as the air was raw and cold, he wanted a cup of hot coffee. As he took his seat at one of the small tables a ragged little boy planted himself on the stool opposite him. If ever there was gnawing hunger depicted on a human face it was on that boy's, and there was a wolfish glare in his eyes as he fumbled a nickel and said: "A plate of beans."

The waiter also took the other's order. As the writer sipped his coffee he watched the boy ravenously devour the beans. Whispering to the waiter, he told him to bring a plate of corned beef, some bread and butter and a bowl of coffee for the boy. The little fellow stared for a moment, then sweetened the coffee, and, seizing a knife and fork, began his meal. In a few minutes the beef, beans, bread, and coffee had disappeared, yet the boy's appetite was not satisfied.

"What kind of pie do you like?" asked the writer.

"Most enny kind; they's all good," replied the boy.

"Bring him some mince and pumpkin pie," said the writer to the waiter.

The boy gazed at the two plates of pie in wonderment, then looked up shyly and pushed his nickel toward the writer.

"What's that for?" asked the man.

"To pay for de spread; it's all I've got."

Taking a quarter from his pocket the writer laid it on the boy's coin and pushed them across the table.

"Is them for me?" said the boy, with his mouth full of pie, "Am I to have all dat?"

"Yes; this is Christmas night, you know."

"Yis; I remember; but I had no money fer me lodgin', so I didn't get any of the the dinner down at the Newsboys' Lodging House. Tank you, mister. Youse is good ter me."

Leaving the boy to finish his supper, the man passed out into the busy street, feeling happy over the incident. Months passed, and he had almost forgotten it, when one day a boy stopped him near the Brooklyn Bridge.

"Sauy, mister," said he, "I owes yer a quarter. Here it is."

Recognizing his Christmas guest, the writer gently refused the money, telling him that he had better keep it.

"No; you take it," he persisted. "That supper and de quarter you give me brought me luck, and I've not been so hungry sence. Youse was so good dat night, and I wants yer to take the quarter now, so as youse can give some oder boy a Christmas supper."

The writer took the coin, and many a poor newsboy has had a good dinner with it since.—New York Recorder.

What Is Marcia Reading?

MARCIA is reading a fairy story. But she thinks of other things, Here is what she reads, and what her reading calls to mind: "The princess who lived in the Emerald Grotto heard the wizard's knock, and went to the door." (Dear me! that reminds me that I left the pantry door open when I went to get that gingerbread. Suppose the kitten should get at the milk again! Oh, well!—I don't believe she will.) "She opened the door with the key of gold and glass, and there stood the wizard holding the three bags in his hand." (I promised to finish that bag for the children to-morrow, but I can do it this evening, I think.) "The wizard bowed, and said, 'Princess, can you guess what is in these three bags? If you can, the King of Diamonds will take you for his wife. If not, your head must be cut off with the saber of silver.'" (Silver? Oh, dear! Mamma asked me to rub the silver for her this morning, and I meant to do it right after breakfast. I'll do it before dinner, surely.) "The princess replied, 'Well, can I guess what is in the three bags, wizard. The first is of samite, and is filled with dust of pearls and sand of sapphires. The second is of hempen cloth, and contains —'" (Cloth? Oh, dear! I didn't take that piece of cloth to Miss Snipper, and she cannot finish my new dress without it. I suppose I ought to go up there now. Well, I will—in just a minute.) "'—contains snake-skins and sardonyx. The third bag, wizard, contains nothing at this moment, but it shall be filled at once.' So saying, she drew the saber of silver, and cut off the wizard's ugly head, and popped it into the bag. No sooner had she done this than a loud crash was heard. A bell rang, and——

"Ding-a-ling-ling-ling!" goes the dinner bell.

"Come to dinner, dear children!" says mamma's voice on the stairs. "No, Bobby; no ice-cream to-day, for some one left the pantry door open, and the kitten knocked over the cream can and spilled every drop. Where is our Marcia? Oh, I remember; she had to go to the dressmaker's, and that will make her late. We will not wait. Come, little ones!"

The sweet voice passed on. How do you think Marcia feels at this moment? But I don't suppose any of you can possibly imagine.—St. Nicholas.

Seeking After God.

ONE day in her lesson a young Japanese came to the word "creator," but did not know its meaning. Turning to the dictionary, she read, "Creator, one who creates," but was still in the dark. She turned to a large dictionary and read, "Creator, one who creates; a name given to God, who made all things." A startling

thought to her, for she had never heard of such a God; and it filled her mind by night and by day. She looked at the stars and said, "That God must have made all these stars." The sun, and even the trees, suggested the thought, "God made them." She went to the temple and looked at the image of Buddah, and said to herself, "It was not you, Buddha, for I never heard that you made anything."

When she went to Tokio an old woman in the same house said to her, "Tasshee, I am going to a meeting; come with me."

"What meeting?"

"A meeting to hear about God."

"Oh, no," said Tasshee; "I do not want any of your gods. I have a God of my own, if I only knew where He is."

Tasshee, however, went to the meeting. The missionary opened the Bible and read, "In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth." Tasshee was startled. "Why," she said, this is the God I am looking for"; and she became so agitated that she could hardly keep her seat, so eager was she to put the question, "Where is He?" When the meeting was over she rushed to the missionary and said, "Tell me, where is this God that made the heavens and the earth?" Her desire was met by proper instruction. She came to the next meeting and heard, "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Here again Tasshee was startled. A God of love! Her gods were gods of hate, of revenge, of anger. This God gave His Son. All the gods she had ever heard of never gave anything; the people had to give them offerings.

This thirsting soul received the water of life. Tasshee is now a Christian teacher, dispensing the water of life to others, telling them of a God who spared not His own Son, but gave Him up for us all.—Gospel in All Lands.

Happy Because Contented.

A group of pleasant faced children were playing in the sunny corner of a door yard on a bright New Year's day.

Susie was saying, "Yes, I know my doll is littler than yours, but I do love her so! She's my own dolly! my own dolly!" And she sung it over and over, cuddling her dolly close.

"Yes," said Lela, "my doll is bigger, but yours is ever so much prettier, for mine is only a cloth dolly, and yours is wax with real hair. I love to look at it, but I'm afraid to touch it for fear it would break. I suppose a dolly that won't break is best for me. Mamma says I'm pretty hard on a doll."

Roy was looking at Johnny, playing with his jumping-jack. Johnny said:

"I did want a rocking-horse, and I was most sure Santa Claus would bring me one. I thought he'd know I wanted one so much. But this jumping-jack is a dandy, though," and he pulled the string hard.

The little figure turned two or three somersaults, and ended by standing on its head. Johnny giggled, and little Roy, looking a trifle sober, said: "Your johnny-jumper is awful nice, and I like to see you make him go it. I didn't get anything this year, but I hope times will be a lot better for our house next Christmas, and then I'll get enough to make it all up. But," said he, smiling now, "I've got all my marbles that I had last year, and my top is most as good as new, and I'll tell you she's a hummer! Come, Johnny, let's have a game of marbles."

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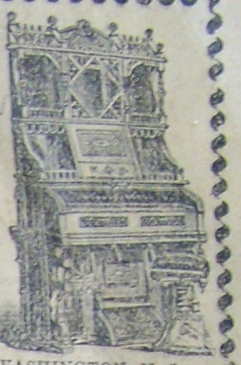

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